The Medical Missionary

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Gloria in Excelcis Deo—Pax Hominibus Bonae Voluntatis

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The Motherhouse and the Novitiate are located in Brookland, Washington, D. C.

At present the Society labors in India where the Sisters conduct hospitals, dispensaries, maternity and child-welfare centers, training schools for native nurses and midwives, and similar health activities. It is the purpose of the Society to send Medical Missionaries to any mission field of the world as soon as its numbers permit.

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Stabat Mater Speciosa

Full of beauty stood the Mother,
By the manger blest o'er other,
Where her Little One she lays:

For her inmost soul's elation,
In its fervid jubilation,
Thrills with ecstasy of praise.

O what glad, what rapturous feeling,
Filled that blessed Mother, kneeling
By the sole-begotten One!

How, her heart with laughter bounding,
She beheld the work astounding,
Saw His Birth, the glorious Son.

Who is he, that sight who beareth,
Nor Christ's Mother's solace shareth
In her bosom as He lay;

Who is he, that would not render,
Tend'rest love for love so tender,
Love, with that dear Babe at play?

For the trespass of her nation
She with oxen saw His station,
Subjected to cold and woe:

Saw her sweetest Offspring's wailing,
Wise men Him with worship hailing,
In the stable, mean and low.

Jesus lying in the manger,
Heavenly armies sang the Stranger,
In the great joy-bearing part;

Stood the Old Man with the Maiden,
No words speaking, only laden
With this wonder in their heart.

Mother, fount of love still flowing,
Let me, with thy rapture glowing,
Learn to sympathize with thee:

Let me raise my heart's devotion,
Up to Christ with pure emotion,
That accepted I may be.

Mother, let me win this blessing,
Let His sorrow's deep impressing
In my heart engraved remain:

Since thy Son, from heaven descending,
Deigned to bear the manger's tending,
O divide with me His pain.

Keep my heart it gladness bringing,
To my Jesus ever clinging
Long as this, my life, shall last;

Love like that thine own love give it,
On my little Child to rivet
Till this exile shall be past.

Let me share thine own affection,
Let me suffer no rejection
Of my purpose fixed and fast.

Virgin, peerless of condition,
Be not wroth with my petition,
Let me clasp thy little Son:

Let me bear that Child so glorious,
Him whose birth o'er Death victorious,
Willed that Life for man was won.

Let me, satiate with my pleasure,
Feel the rapture of Thy treasure,
Leaping for that joy intense:

That, inflamed by such communion,
Thro' the marvel of that union
I may thrill in every sense.

All that love this stable truly,
And the shepherds watching duly,
Tarry there the live-long night:

Pray that by thy Son's dear merit
His elected may inherit
Their own country's endless light.

High Spots on a Mission Cruise

By

ANNA DENGEL, S.C.M.M., M.D.

Shanghai

Long before we gained sight of Shanghai, we felt the throb of its busy life in the countless boats, junks, sampans, or whatever else they may be called which dotted the waters all around us. They were like so many tentacles reaching miles out into the ocean and giving unmistakable evidence of the hustle and bustle going on in China's greatest seaport. We had been warned that it would be cold, but fortunately our "weatherman" proved wrong, and it was in the mildness of real spring sunshine that we sailed up the Whangpoo River and drew into port on April 3.

There was a certain sense of familiarity as we drew near the docks: Shanghai has much in common with the other large Eastern ports. From the pier the renowned Bund, with its mammoth ware- and export houses and ultra-modern hotels confronts one right away. One treads on precious ground there—before the Sino-Japanese conflict one acre on the Bund could be purchased for the small consideration of four million dollars!

As seeing Shanghai in a few days is a rather hopeless task, our Cruise Director left us mostly to our own devices so that each could follow his or her own interests. We decided to begin by getting a few first impressions. Our geographical observations were supplemented by history and explanations, and we emerged with a bird's-eye view of the whole.

For years a unique organization prevailed. The International Settlement, which comprised more than five thousand acres, was governed by a municipal council of fourteen members elected by the American, European, and Japanese taxpayers. The French concession, which is about half this size, was governed by the French. Chinatown also had an independent government. The latter, of course, has by far the greatest number of inhabitants—at least two-thirds of the whole. Even in the concession, the Chinese far outnumber the foreigners.

In the sections built by Americans and Europeans there are wide streets and massive stone buildings. There are not less than six daily papers printed in English: Shanghai could not be the fifth largest port in the world if it did not have its twentieth century machinery to keep its fingers on the pulse of the whole globe! The surprising part is the rapidity with which it has developed. Scarcely one hundred years ago it was merely a fishing village with only twenty-three foreign residents and two missionaries. Now it has more than three million souls!

After our "general survey" we turned toward Zikawei, a suburb named after a creek which flows through it. The magnet that attracted us was the world-renowned meteorological and seismological station conducted by the Jesuit Fathers. The priest in charge kindly showed us the precious instruments which record the slightest tremors on the surface of the earth, and the approach of the much-dreaded typhoons. We also saw the precision clock which is used to verify the time. The whole was very intricate and technical. All we could do was to marvel at such accuracy which reckons in the terms of fractions of seconds. It would have taken too long to visit the astronomical observatory, which is at some distance; instead, we spent the remainder of the available time in the

Photo by Ship's photographer, SS. Reliance

I cannot imagine who was worse off, the people on the land—

book shop, enjoying among other learned works the beautifully illustrated volumes of Father Doré, S.J., on the superstitions of China.

From this unique scientific center we proceeded to the nearby convent of the Helpers of the Holy Souls. As we crossed the bridge over Zikawei Creek, we noticed a boat with a heavy straw roof making its leisurely way downstream. On the very top a well-padded little Chinese lad sat completely absorbed in the business at hand—which happened to be a bowl of rice and a pair of chopsticks!

As we entered the gate of the stately institution of the Helpers of the Holy Souls, an old, bent nun, leaning on a young sister, hobbled out. We were told that this old religious was blind and infirm, but insisted on going out regularly to visit the sick and instruct them. It was a typical instance of the spirit of charity and solicitude which pervades throughout the home.

One of the sisters took us through the orphanage, school, and workrooms. It was like weaving one's way through a beehive. We lingered longest at the creche. There we saw rows and rows of little Chinese babies in their tiny beds. Each day, we were told, brought new occupants, and each week saw some flying to heaven in spite of the great care bestowed upon them. Some when they were picked up were too marasmic to have a chance; others responded quickly to treatment and care. There were a great many toddlers and youngsters up to the age of six years playing on the grounds. They were friendly and cheerful and many of them were chubby and quite pretty. Apparently they were accustomed to visitors, for they did not seem to mind us in the least.

Our next stops were at the General and the Sacred Heart Hospitals. The latter is one of the eight hospitals founded by Lo-Pa-Hong, whom everyone knows as the Ozanam of China. The Franciscan Missionaries of Mary were in charge of the nursing. To one who has been on the very sites of the present-day sieges and combats, the war and its horrors take on a new significance. During the Shanghai bombardment, both the General and the Sacred Heart Hospitals shared the vicissitudes of battle which gave the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary plenty of scope for heroism, resourcefulness, and devotedness. The patients had to be moved to the International Settlement for safety; a few words of one of the nuns give a graphic picture of the scene: "We again transported our sick, beds, and materials. The domestics were overcome with fatigue and trembled like leaves. As for ourselves, it was sheer force of will that kept us on our feet, as we had been without food or rest, without Mass and Holy Communion, for three days." Little did we suspect on our peaceful visit to Shanghai that such a fate would befall her so soon!

One must have walked through "Nantao," as Chinatown is known, with its seething population, all thickly crowded together, to be able to form an idea of what war terror, starvation, and crumbling homes must have meant. Looking at the daily reports and remembering all that I had seen, I cannot imagine who was worse off, the people on land or the thousands and thousands of families whose only home was a junk. The Shanghai waters harbor literally a city of boats, where every phase of life goes on just as on land. From the little we could observe, it was quite evident that these boat people were very poor. Their very poverty has made them scavengers: they collect everything that is collectable, from garbage for food to bits of rags for shoe soles, and are largely responsible for the cleanness of Shanghai harbor! The women, as usual, cook and wash and row about with their babies tied to their backs.

Going along the Bund on our way to St. Joseph's Home, we had an opportunity to compare the poor boatwomen in their work-a-day trousers and jackets with the more well-to-do ladies in their high-heeled shoes, their graceful

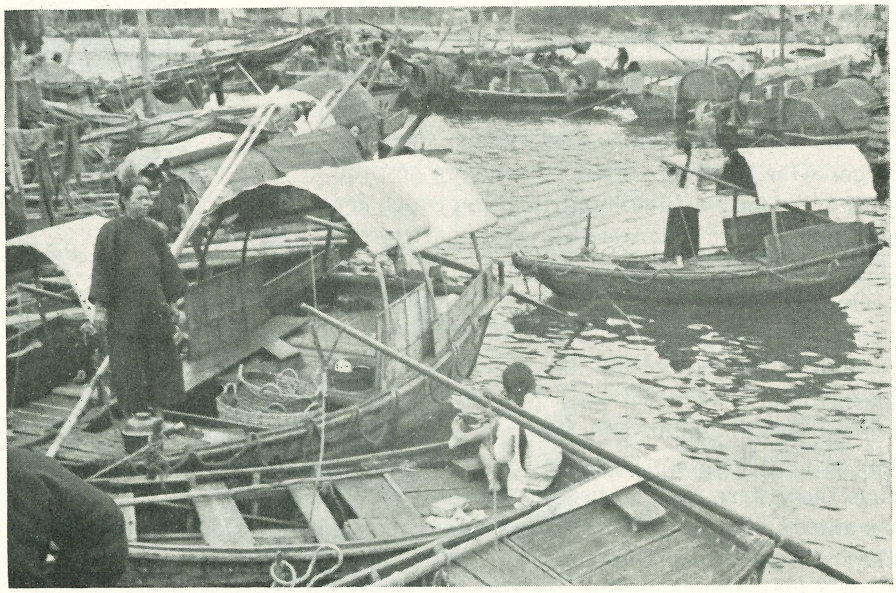


Photo by Ship's photographer, SS. Reliance

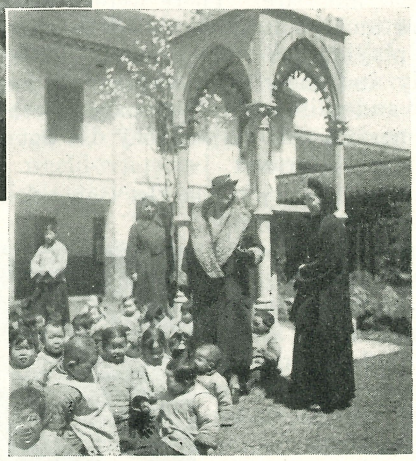
—or the thousands and thousands of families whose only home was a junk!

gowns split to the knee, and obvious evidences of having patronized the beauty parlor.

St. Joseph's took our breath away! Here in a single establishment were three thousand inmates. There was a place for working girls, for the sick, for the old, for babies—in fact, for every imaginable human misery—and all this in the hands of twenty-five Sisters of Charity, five resident doctors, and ten employes attached to the institution! From this it may be gathered how efficiently it was maintained, and how much of the work was accomplished by the inmates

Sleep,

work,



and play at Zikawei.

themselves under the direction of the sisters.

One of the sisters was kind enough to ask a young Chinaman to show us around. Our first stop was in the workrooms, where girls, some of them very young, were making clothes of various descriptions and doing delicate embroidery. There were sections devoted to the care of the sick, the cripples, the blind and incurables, the feeble-minded, and the mentally afflicted. The creche was very large. One building served as a cholera hospital, with a capacity of five hundred beds, which fortunately at that time were all empty. However, there are times when they are too few!

Our guide informed us as he conducted us to the dispensary that five hundred patients were treated there every day. We noticed in the background a ward with real prison bars behind which several gaunt and haggard men looked out at us. We were told for our enlightenment that these were really prisoners; St. Joseph's is permitted to care for them when they are ill, and they are always glad to come.

In a large, dimly-lit hall the rosary was being recited in sing-song fashion by a crowd of old men, seventy per cent of whom, our Chinese friend told us, were Catholics. The Church had been closed at 5 p. m., shortly after Benediction, at which Lo-Pa-Hong had assisted, as was his wont after his day's work.

On our way out, and still in the care of our courteous guide, we paused to have a little chat with the genial gate-keeper and to bestow a word of praise on St. Joseph, who is enthroned in the front court. He has charge of sixteen buildings, housing three thousand inmates free of charge! It was an institution of real Christian charity and reminded me particularly of St. Cottolengo's "Piccola Casa" of Turin.

Our guide, who could not have been more painstaking or courteous, accompanied us in the bus as far as the cathedral which we were anxious to see. This was our farewell visit to Shanghai, as we now decided to go overland to Peiping via Nanking. This necessitated curtailing some of the visits we would have liked to have made. Among those places which we had to be content to hear about but not to see were the Aurora University, St. Mary's Hospital conducted by the Sisters of Charity, and Mercy Hospital for the mentally afflicted. This last is one of Lo-Pa-Hong's foundations, with the men's section in charge of German Brothers and the women's section, of the Maryknoll Sisters.

We left Chapei station on the evening of April 5 for Nanking, traveling second class, which proved very comfortable. The train was heavily guarded by soldiers. Our trip was uneventful, and we arrived early in the morning in the capital of the Chinese Republic, not knowing a word of Chinese nor a single soul. We fared extraordinarily well, however, thanks to the Catholicity of the Church!

More anon!

Fighting Cholera

By

ELEANORE LIPPITS, S.C.M.M., M.D.

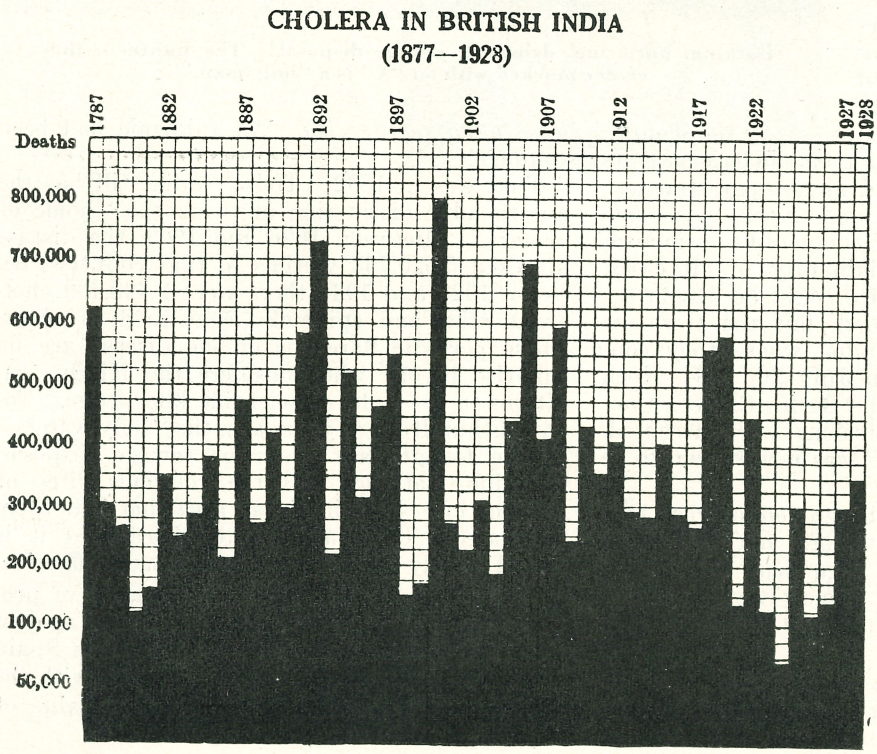
The Conquest of Cholera, America's Greatest Scourge! Such is the name given by Dr. J. S. Chambers to his recently published book, in which he dramatizes the advance of medicine from "miasms" as a speculative philosophy to microbes as a scientific fact. Cholera with its swift and devastating effects provided ample scope for such a dramatization. Already in ancient times it had been recognized and described as a disease characterized by purging, vomiting, abdominal cramps, collapse and death within forty-eight hours. In America today protected water and milk supplies are the rule instead of the exception, and cholera is no longer the menace that it was during the last century. But there were periods between 1832 and 1892 when the disease invaded our cities and towns to destroy from one-twentieth to one-third of the population.

The home of true cholera is the delta of the Ganges; for this reason it is commonly called Asiatic cholera. It is also endemic in Indo-China and China.

Cholera has occurred in both epidemics and pandemics. The latter followed the opening up of India to trade and travel toward the end of the eighteenth century by the East India Company, and could be traced along these travel routes to the western world. Such a pandemic may be compared to the waves set up by dropping a stone into a quiet pool; they are carried to every part. In like manner the initial case of cholera in the delta of the Ganges started waves of destruction which were carried to every part of the pool of humanity.

There were four of such pandemics in the nineteenth century. Beginning in India in 1826, the disease was carried to Europe in 1830 and reached America by way of New York and Quebec in 1832. In the spring of that year, the *Constantia* had left Limerick with two hundred passengers on board. Cholera broke out and twenty-nine deaths occurred during the voyage. The remaining emigrants arrived in New York on April 28.

The *Constantia* was followed by the *Robert* from Cork and the *Elizabeth* from Dublin. Since there was no effective quarantine in those days and the nature of cholera had not yet been discovered, the emigrants were free to land, and with them cholera made its appearance in this country. On June 28, 1832, the *New York Commercial* wrote: "It is our painful duty to announce the alarming fact that the Indian pestilence which, in its progress westwards, has clad Europe in mourning, has at length distinctly appeared in America. The cholera has broken out both in Quebec and Montreal."



On June 13, the first case occurred in New York. Soon after the disease broke out in Philadelphia, and August 5 marked its appearance in Wilmington, Del., and Norfolk, Va. It next spread to Washington, where it reaped a heavy toll among the immigrant laborers then employed in the construction of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad and the Chesa-

peake & Ohio Canal, and continued west as far as the military post of the upper Mississippi.

This 1826 pandemic was followed by others in 1846 and 1864. Coming from Calcutta and Bombay, the cholera in 1883 passed the Suez Canal and early in June broke out in Damietta at the mouth of the Nile. The annual fair and festival was in progress, and the 35,000 inhabitants were entertaining about 15,000 visitors when the pestilence appeared. Within three or four days the deaths numbered more than a hundred daily!

Heretofore cholera had been attributed to various causes—"miasms" or bad air was a favorite explanation for its occurrence. But this was the age when the famous "microbe hunters" were discovering the actual causative organisms of many of the epidemic diseases. In 1878, Koch had proved the cause of anthrax, a disease that killed many domestic animals, to be a minute straight rod, the *bacillus anthracis.* Neisser in 1879 discovered the gonococcus; Eberth found the typhoid bacillus in 1880; Pasteur made his famous discoveries in rabies in 1881, the same year that Laveran established the etiology of malaria, and shortly afterwards Koch discovered the tubercle bacillus.

When cholera broke out in 1883, therefore, it was not long before a French commission from the Pasteur Institute and a German commission headed by Koch were on their way to Alexandria. They set up their laboratories and began to study the scourge scientifically. The excreta from cholera patients and body tissues obtained at autopsy were examined microscopically, and Koch soon suspected a slightly bent, comma-like organism which was found predominantly in all cases. Before its causative nature could be absolutely proven the epidemic ended, but the Germans went perseveringly to India, where they continued their studies. On July 26, 1884, Koch presented his results at the Berlin Cholera Conference, where his conclusions were accepted. Koch's "comma bacillus" was now known to be the cause of cholera.

It was soon suspected by epidemiologists that water was the chief, though not the only, medium by which the organisms of cholera spread from the patient to new victims of the disease. The Hamburg epidemic of 1892 proved this contention.

Hamburg, situated on the tidal part of the river Elbe, had in 1892 a population of 640,000. Its sewers discharged into the river just below the town, while the water supply was drawn from the river just above the city. Altona, a smaller town on the opposite side of the Elbe River, received its water supply from the Elbe at a point below that where Hamburg's sewage entered, but Altona had a good system of sand filtration through which the water was purified prior to distribution. Cholera spread its ravages through Hamburg, where the excreta of patients, containing the cholera bacillus, were mixed with the untreated drinking water, while Altona through its system of water filtration was able to check the disease.

That same year eight ships with cholera cases on board landed in New York. The public health officers, however, were now in a position to dictate the new policies of quarantine and sanitation. That the new science was effective was shown by the fact that forty-four deaths occurred among the passengers in quarantine, but *not a single instance of secondary infection was found in the city.* An epidemic had been stopped!

Bathing, purifying, drinking, sewage disposal! The figure in the center marked with an "X" is a "holy man."

That was in 1892. Today India still has the questionable distinction of being the "home of cholera." Between 1896 and 1909, the disease attacked 5,520,753 victims in that country; between 1923 and 1934 there were 2,490,409 cholera deaths, and epidemics continued to occur. These periodic flare-ups of the disease are no surprise to one who considers the Hindu traditions in the light of scientific knowledge. Today, as hundreds of years ago, the "holy waters" of the Ganges are used for sewage disposal, drinking, bathing, and the religious rites of purification—and this in an area that is densely populated. Cholera is rooted here, and it is bound to stay unless sanitation is made effective.

Meanwhile, vaccination offers a means of protection against the disease. Vaccination against cholera was first introduced by Ferran in Spain in 1883, and was perfected by Haffkine with the aid of the British Government. The value of

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Christmas Reflections

By

ANNA DENGEL, S.C.M.M., M.D.

A first Christmas in any new place is a critical time. Things bound to matter can be left behind, but those of the mind accompany us faithfully everywhere. Religious and family ties, traditions and old memories probably never crop up so vividly as on Christmas Eve a thousand miles from home! Even the incidents themselves stand out starkly as one looks back. I can still remember every detail of my first Christmas in India.

My work proved a blessing that night. It broke into my musings in the person of a poor Goan mother who expected her first baby and had arrived in the hospital. She needed my attention, and I welcomed this diversion of my thoughts. Shortly before midnight there was one more little citizen in the world. He was a masterpiece of God's creation with his lovable baby features and perfect little body and limbs. With joy the mother pressed him to her heart and said, so naturally: "At last I can see him!"

I. Bachlechner, Tyrol

My work was done when I heard the bells ringing festively as a last call for Midnight Mass. When I reached the church I heard the thrilling strains and words of "Stille Nacht," and my eyes fell on the Infant in the Crib. With the little newcomer in the hospital across the street still in my mind, the scene seemed strangely familiar. To have dealt with new life on that hallowed night gave more than the usual satisfaction. I did not analyze the reason, but deep down memory must have touched the key to a sentence which every Catholic hears from childhood: "What you do to the least of these, you do it unto Me."

The mystery of the coming of Our Divine Savior into the world as a helpless infant cannot be fathomed by the most penetrating of minds, but may we not conjecture that one of the reasons may have been His compassion for the dependence of little children? And how intimately can the Medical Missionary enter into this compassion, this ministry of helping the most helpless of God's creatures, a new-born child!

Many babies are fortunate in having good and intelligent parents, but what of the millions of those who see the light of day only to die the same hour, the same week, the same year—unbaptized? Or who are half starved or wrongly fed, or who become blind or rachitic and marasmic? Surely they can be numbered among "the least of these"!

In America and Europe maternity and child welfare deservedly receives great attention. The effort and money spent have already produced wonderful results. However, there is still room for improvement in spite of the good sanitary conditions, the high standard of living, the many doctors and nurses, the widespread literacy and the systematic public health education. What, then, can be said and expected of such countries as India, China, and Africa?

It is said that in India death yearly reaps two million children below the age of two. Lack of proper care at birth, unsanitary surroundings, ignorance and superstitious practices, fevers such as malaria, and alimentary disturbances are responsible for the heavy toll. I remember that for a while I did some research work: I asked every woman who came to the dispensary how many children she actually had, and how many she had lost. It was a revelation—an appalling revelation—to find out how many had died!

Africa does not seem much better off in this respect. In some regions whole tribes are in danger of extinction. And in China I have seen hundreds of chubby-faced little boys and girls in orphanages. The Chinese Government, conscious of the fact that without mental and physical vigor the people cannot have happiness and prosperity, has evolved an ambitious program of health, one item of which is the training within the next generation of 50,000 midwives to combat the excessive maternal and infant mortality.

Everywhere people are waking up to the realization that health is a great asset to an individual as well as to the nation. We have quoted before from the Decree published two years ago by the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide, yet it is not superfluous to repeat parts of it once more. Our Catholics should understand

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"The Laborers Are Few . . ."

On December 3 the Church celebrates the feast of St. Francis Xavier. His name has come to be used like a blanket to cover all mission work, with the consequence that the details of his own struggles and difficulties are often forgotten. To the average Catholic, the mention of St. Francis brings a picture of a tall, rather emaciated figure in black with a crucifix in one upraised hand and a halo about its head. If we pursue our point and ask this Catholic just how St. Francis accomplished his marvelous apostolate, in all probability he will reply rather vaguely that the Saint possessed the gift of tongues, possibly supplementing this information with a hazy picture of a creature more angel than man, sitting passively in the midst of savages and imparting to them, as it were by mere presence, the inestimable gift of Faith. It is because men are satisfying themselves with such day-dreams that they do not understand either the past or the present mission needs.

St. Francis Xavier was a man; and as a man he met the problems common to men. Whether or not he possessed the gift of tongues is a mooted question; but if the Holy Ghost saw fit to save him from sweating over a foreign grammar, it is certain that that same Holy Spirit Whose office it is to guide to sanctity, provided ample opportunity for the grinding toil that, since Adam's fall, has been a condition of man's entrance into his reward.

The average man, coming home on Saturday night with his wages in his pocket, is figuring out how he is going to make them pay the "butcher, the baker"—and the light and power company. If St. Francis had no family problems, he was just as concerned in using the talents at his disposal, both his own and those of others, to the best advantage in meeting the implicit or explicit demands for Catholic teaching.

Let us take a quotation from *The Life of St. Francis Xavier* by D. Bartolo and J. P. Maffee: "It was no longer necessary for him to go in quest of new kingdoms to subject them to the faith of Christ; on the contrary, embassies and letters were sent to him, inviting him to go and undertake the task of conversion. This was in truth inconceivably gratifying to our holy apostle; but the consolation was met by a corresponding amount of distress. Alone as he was, he could not possibly attend to all these calls. . . .

"These pressing considerations caused him to write St. Ignatius at Rome, and to Father Rodriguez in Portugal, urging both of them to send fervent laborers to cultivate the vast vineyard of the Indies, where, as he said, the harvest was ripe, but there was no one to gather it in. Not satisfied with this, he had serious thoughts of writing to all the most celebrated universities of Europe,—in fact, he did write to the Sorbonne at Paris—inviting those learned men to go over to the Indies, and there win precious souls to Christ and merit to themselves."

That is not the attitude of a man who sat placidly by, waiting for the Spirit to waft neophytes into his hut to plead for baptism; it reveals rather a man who had faith in his heart, two hands on his arms and a tongue in his head, and who used all of them.

Just as Xavier, the scholar-missionary, saw the misery resulting from ignorance and longed to overcome it with the learning of the universities, so the medical missionary sees the pathetic plight of those who are totally ignorant of the simplest laws of hygiene, and finds in the charitable ministry of the Church a means to relieve physical suffering and at the same time work spiritual good. The medical missionary likewise has no need of "going in quest of new kingdoms"; from all parts of the mission world bishops and priests bear witness to the need and value of the medical apostolate. One writes: "The sad state of my poor people, especially women and children, priests and sisters, often makes me weep bitterly—and pray much. I am determined to undergo any difficulty and to suffer any hardship, to begin a mission hospital, or at least a mission nursing school on a small scale." And another: "One of the most crying needs is medical assistance. The mortality among the infants and young mothers is terribly high, and except in the few large towns, there are no hospitals or medical centers where the natives can be treated. We could do an enormous apostolic work if only we could establish medical centers and dispensaries in the 'bush' country, where people are suffering from all kinds of horrible diseases and have absolutely no care." And finally, an excerpt from a letter which has come to our attention within the last month: "There is plenty of urgent medical work to do. The first thing we would like to have is an organization for a number of child welfare centers, with facilities to train nurses and midwives qualified to open new centers under the supervision of the sisters. . . . Infant mortality here is so terribly high that something must be done as soon as possible. We have had some midwives trained, but they are too few and we would like to have greater facilities to train a larger number, with some means of supervising them."

St. Francis wrote to St. Ignatius: "I often wish I could transport myself to some of the

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CHRISTMAS REFLECTIONS

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that charity as exercised in the Medical Mission Apostolate is distinctly Christian charity. It is care and service and attention given to the weak—mothers, infants, the sick and the infirm, for whom paganism has no place. It is a charity that Christmastide should make easy to visualize in all its possibilities and accomplishments.

It has been said that the life of a church can be gauged by its missionary activity. The Catholic Church has been a specialist in the field since its foundation by the Greatest Missionary almost two thousand years ago, and like a specialist, it has been always alert for development, for the best and surest means to its end. It does not recklessly discard the old; neither does it indiscriminately adopt the new. The sanction which it gives to Medical Missions is the fruit of thorough investigation, of deep conviction. It can be taken word for word, and learned—and lived:

"It has always been the practice of this Sacred Congregation to have the methods of the apostolate conform to the varying needs of time and place. Several missionary Ordinaries have brought to the attention of the Holy See the necessity of making more appropriate provision for the health of mothers and infants. . . . This Sacred Congregation would like to see new religious institutes for women founded who will dedicate themselves principally to health work. . . . The Sisters should obtain certificates as doctors or nurses. . . . The religious must see a noble expression of Christian charity in this delicate service, a charitable work destined to ease bodily misery and to open the way for the grace of Redemption."

Such a solicitude is beautiful in itself; yet it takes on a deeper and fuller significance when we find it emanating from that Church which was founded by the Word Who "became flesh and dwelt amongst us."

FIGHTING CHOLERA

(*Continued from page* 196)

this vaccine has been proven by years of use. During a severe epidemic of cholera in Kashmir in 1935, the persons vaccinated totaled 1,306,273. Fairly accurate statistics were obtained on the subsequent course of the epidemic, and it was found that 11.35 per cent of those who were not vaccinated developed the disease, against 0.29 per cent of those who received adequate vaccination.

The Health Commissioner of India has repeatedly emphasized the catastrophic nature of disease visitations, of which cholera is only one. He writes: "The great hope of the future must lie in the development of health education and, as a corollary, the gradual appreciation by the educated population of the value of health."

The old ideal, "Mens sana, in corpore sano," reflects the importance of such health campaigns for mission work in general. Although medical missions cannot actually conduct public health administration, yet their steady influence will greatly aid the initiative which the various governments must take. In this way the Medical Mission Apostolate will contribute its share to what our Holy Father expects of a missionary work; namely: activity directed not only to the salvation of souls, but also to the spread of civilization, of culture, of health, and of happiness.

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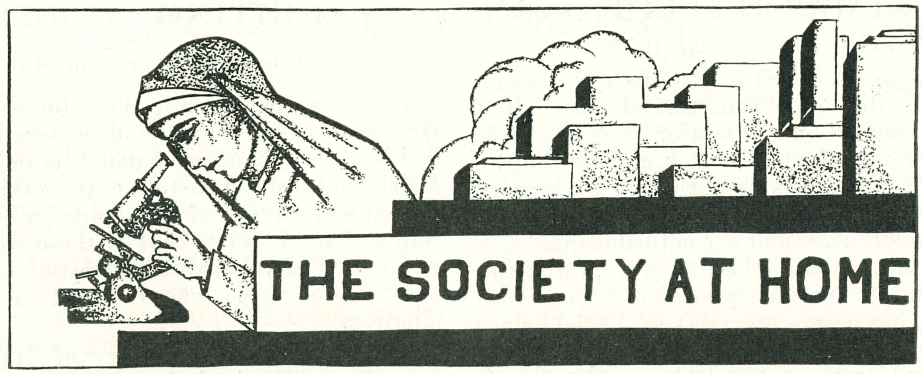
"THE LABORERS ARE FEW"

(*Continued from page* 198)

colleges of Europe, especially the Sorbonne of Paris, and thus cry aloud to the students who would be willing to employ their talents to good purpose." In a similar way, the medical missionary who has seen the pathos of a people living under a material system that has no scientific medical knowledge, wishes "to stand on the housetops, to cry aloud to the newspapers and periodicals, to multiply himself a thousand times, that every Catholic hospital and school for the training of professional medical workers might be told of this tremendous apostolate."

It is not narrow-minded concentration on a single issue that makes us thus stress the present need for mission action. Archbishop Costantini, in his address to the Catholics of the world on Mission Sunday, said: "In certain parts of India, Africa and China, the hour of God has arrived. The multitudes are turning to the missionaries. But it is necessary to instruct these multitudes. Priests, catechists and sisters must be sent to them."

Nor should mission action be an onerous burden. Rather it should be the natural overflow of the joy and peace that Catholics have found in the life of the Church. The Catholics of today are the fruit of the missionaries of yesterday; they are the seeds of the Church of tomorrow. Every member must be imbued with this spirit of spreading Christ's kingdom, whether by prayer or alms or example or active service; each must feel that if he, following St. Peter, "likewise makes known the 'power and presence of our Lord Jesus Christ,' he is but continuing the apostolic tradition."



MERRY CHRISTMAS! This is the wish which comes from all the Medical Mission Sisters to all the friends who have been so kind and generous during the year, and especially to those who have helped to spread the Medical Mission Apostolate by subscribing to THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY. During Midnight Mass we shall pray that the blessing of the Christ Child may be theirs!

Thanksgiving at the Motherhouse

All the sisters who were free gathered at the Motherhouse to enjoy the Thanksgiving holidays together. Sister M. Isabel, who is in her last year at Women's Medical College in Philadelphia, and Sister M. Rose, who is attending school in Baltimore, arrived Thursday noon just in time for the turkey dinner that kind friends and benefactors had provided for us. Sister M. Theophane and Sister M. Michael, who are in training at Providence Hospital in Washington, were also home in time to join us at the "festive board."

Our three doctors were less fortunate: Dr. Elise Wijnen, who is interning at Philadelphia General Hospital, was unable to come to Washington, but Drs. Eleanore Lippits and Leonie Tummers, who are interning at St. Joseph's Hospital in Baltimore, although unable to be home on the 24th, were both at the Motherhouse over the weekend. Sister M. Laetitia and Sister M. Barbara were also among those obliged to be absent. They are still doing their bit to make our Society known in the schools between Washington and the Mississippi River.

Fact and Fancy

Our travelers have by this time landed safely in India, but of course there has been no news of them as yet. However, little notes continue to drop in now and then from stopping points along the way. From Marseilles, Sister Alma Julia writes:

"We sailed along the coast of Portugal all morning. First we passed Lisbon, and I thought of St. Francis Xavier leaving for India. Next there was the port of Palos, which reminded me of Christopher Columbus setting out on his famous journey in 1492, and we finally reached the Straits of Gibraltar about noon. It rained

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Missionaries are here today and gone tomorrow! Members of this group, taken at the Motherhouse in Washington, now send you their Christmas greetings from half-a-dozen different places. Five of them have gone to India; three are serving their interneship, two in Baltimore and one in Philadelphia; one has begun nurse's training and another is one of those who are helping to make the work of our Society known in the middle west. The rest are finding ample occupation in "keeping the home fires burning" at the Motherhouse.

hard for a while, and then the sun came out in all its glory as we passed the famous Rock! The coast of Africa really seemed more beautiful to me, but perhaps it was because we were closer to it—and then, too, it made me think of St. Augustine. We also saw some flying fish. (Editor's note: Sister leaves a dash here, and we are wondering if her flight of fancy was not carried to thoughts of chubby cherubs, but she just did not want to admit it.) These last thrilled the youngsters about us far more than any old port or fort.

"The Mediterranean is seemingly at its best—a perfect blue, fluffy white clouds here and there, an occasional battleship going by, a sailboat coming quite close. No one is seasick, and it is warm enough to discard our capes.

Budgets

"Contrary to expectations, the boat docked at Marseilles long enough to permit disembarking. First of all, we went to Mass at Sacred Heart Church — the first church we could find — and then went to a little restaurant just around the corner for breakfast. The waiter came at once for our order, but as there was no menu, we couldn't point out our choice. There wasn't even a sign near us so that we could guess what was being served! Finally the waiter called an American Express agent, who was eating at a sidewalk table, and he was kind enough to be our interpreter!

"We waited fifteen minutes for a tram, and when none came, Sister Pauline decided to be extravagant and take a taxi to Notre Dame de la Garde, where we had another Mass and then spent some time looking about. The view was simply magnificent, and that is putting it most mildly. We wanted to visit the Cathedral, also, but there was no time.

"We descended from Notre Dame de la Garde by elevator! It is an ingenious contrivance which provides rapid transit from the top of the hill to the busy city below. Once more on the street, we waited another fifteen minutes for a tram which didn't come, and finally took a taxi back to the boat. The entire trip for the five of us, including breakfast and everything, was less than $1.75. I think the breakfast came to about 10 or 15 cents apiece in our money; the cab cost 8 francs and the tram would have cost 5, so we were not much out."

"All Eyes East"

From the Medical Mission House in Osterley, England, the sisters also have been following the progress of the band "en route." Sister Madeleine Sophie, who was one of the five who left New York last October but who remained in England, writes: "This is the day that the travelers should reach Bombay, so we are all anxious to hear confirmation of their safe arrival.

"I must say I find England really lovely. The people all seem so friendly and helpful, and the children are beautiful to look at and dear to talk to.

OSTERLEY, ENGLAND

Two veterans in England, Sister M. Elizabeth (left) and Sister M. Monica, add their good wishes from our Medical Mission House in Osterley. The English house serves as a postulate for European candidates.

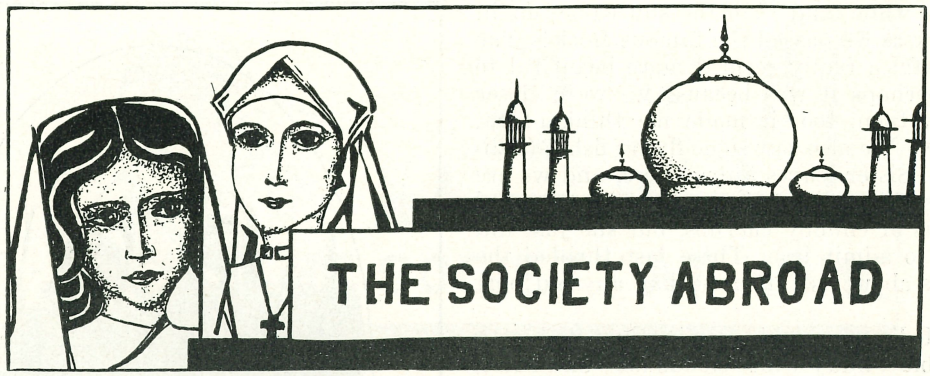
"Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary——"

"Our garden here is beautiful, and Sister Elizabeth is encouraging me to become a real gardener! We have huge chrysanthemums—and with real society names. When someone speaks of 'Captain Kettle' and 'Mrs. Halden,' we have to stop and think whether she is talking about our friends or our flowers!"

In an age when nearly all the moral questions hinge on medical matters, Catholic women doctors are specially needed.—UNIVERSE, Oct. 11, 1938.

A report from the "Maison du Missionaire" at Vichy, France, gives us some interesting numbers which show how much good is done in behalf of sick or convalescent missionaries.

In the course of 1935-1937, 280 priests of various orders and 5 sisters have been received in Vichy, while 18 priests and 1 bishop were treated in Chatelgyon. The institution in Vichy has a special house for mission sisters, of which 8 were cared for last year. — LES MISSIONS CATHOLIQUES, June, 1938.



Rawalpindi

Christmas news from India usually reaches us about February, when folks are preparing for St. Valentine's Day and Lent. Glancing over last year's letter, however, gives an idea of Christmas doings in a mission hospital. This excerpt is from Sister Margaret Mary's note, written on December 23:

Cooperative Christmas Tree

"I shopped yesterday, and incidentally got the loan of a Christmas tree from the Murree Brewery. After our celebration, it will go to St. Catherine's School for their big party on Holy Innocents'!

"Our Christmas menu *looks* grand—only it is not so easy to get all that is usual in the U.S.A. for the feast. Some day, please put some cranberry sauce and sour kraut in somebody's box!

"The mounted medals, pictures, etc., which you sent made quite a pile, and as several priests had asked us for holy cards, we gave some of them a collection a week ago. They were so grateful—you would think we had given them a treasure.

"Sister Bernadette has the task of putting up the Crib. It has had three doings up and down since yesterday, and rearrangements are still in progress!"

Santa Claus in White

Sister Ann writes a few days later: "On Christmas morning Sister M. Magdalene and the Indian student sisters of Ajmer took our gifts to the lepers, and in the afternoon she and Sister M. Vincent went on different routes with Father Carthy's catechists to the Christian settlements and distributed gifts to the mothers and babies and toddlers—there are so many, we have absolutely no room to bring all of them here. It is all we can do to accommodate the

DACCA, INDIA

Medical Missionaries greet you from half way around the globe. In the city of Dacca in Bengal the Sisters supervise and conduct the nursing school of the Mitford Municipal Hospital, besides doing center work which takes them regularly to the homes of the poor, such as those in the picture.

RAWALPINDI, INDIA

Last but not least comes a hearty "Merry Christmas" from the Sisters stationed at the Society's own Holy Family Hospital in Rawalpindi. Now that the group which left in October is with them, there are thirteen Medical Missionaries to carry on the work of caring for the sick, training native sisters (members of two communities of which are shown above), and provide for maternity, child welfare and dispensary patients.

orphans. We had our annual party for them on the 26th. The Christmas tree was set up in the big ward upstairs, and what a merry time they had. It is really gratifying to be able to give them this little pleasure.

"Hospital Christmas"

"Our own Christmas was typically 'hospital': one of the J.M.J. nuns died on the 24th, and so we had both a Crib and a coffin in our little chapel that night!

"The first baby to be born on Christmas day was a lovely little boy. The Hindu mother turned to us with a big smile as soon as she learned it was a boy: 'It is so good of you to give me such a fine son on *your* big feast day,' she said. Before night we had another happy mother and buxom son, and the next day another boy—this one a European."

And so that gives you a peek into a Medical Missionary Christmas! Now let us turn to the business of every day. Sister Ann writes:

Could It Be Temperament?

"Today a woman at St. Francis Dispensary was to have a very, very loose tooth extracted—but when she saw the forceps, she balked, and would only consent to have 'dawa' (medicine) applied. After several applications of tincture of iodine, she rose to leave.

"Just as suddenly she changed her mind once more, and said that if we would give her some 'shishi' (anesthetic), she would have the tooth removed. I had a mask, but no anesthetic handy! However, I did know that the tooth was *very* loose, so I brought in some aromatic spirits of ammonia, sprinkled some on the mask, covered her eyes, told her to take deep breaths—and count—and in the twinkle of an eye the tooth was where it would not bother *either* of us any more!"

Of Brides and Bands and Kitchen Boys

Dr. Lalinsky also contributes a bit of news. "One of our servants—Jakub from the kitchen—has 'chutti' (leave) because he needs must wed a wife! He was indefinite as to just how long this would take—it depended upon the length of time required for all the rejoicing and 'tamashas' in general. He was equipped with a four-anna hair cut and had a 'tailor' here making his 'trousseau'!

"Speaking of weddings, last Sunday during Exposition a band suddenly burst into play just across the street from the chapel—no dirge, but a very catchy air. It was not exactly an aid to concentration. The funny part of it is that often if you wait long enough to see who is making the gay racket, you find out it is a funeral procession! There seems to be *one* band that knows *one* tune—and both appear to be more than a little overworked!"

Medical Mission Notes

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China

The Prefecture Apostolic of Siangyang, though young, is a very flourishing mission center, especially in regard to medical mission work. According to statistics, the dispensaries have treated from 1935-36—60,550 cases; from 1936-37—61,050 cases; and from 1937-38—78-855 cases, while the total of this year, as far as can be judged, probably will surpass all the preceding years. The health center work and the visits to prisons, both of which demand special interest but above all special sacrifice, have made an enormous progress during the last three years.

The Prefecture of Siangyang is under secular native clergy, directed by Mgr. Francois Yi.—SOCIETAS AUXILIARUM MISSIONUM, November, 1938.

* * *

Many appeals for help have been received by the Medical Service Committee (American Women's Hospitals) from women doctors in China during the past year. And at the suggestion of Dr. Bertha VanHoosen and other members of the American Medical Women's Association, an effort was made to raise funds to respond to this call. . . . We are glad to report that for the past four months we have been paying the salaries of three Chinese women physicians who are caring for the sick and injured among refugees at Shanghai.—WOMEN IN MEDICINE, October, 1938.

* * *

We (Sisters of Charity) will indeed be glad to get the linens for the dispensary. Things are disappearing like magic from there since we have such an increase in trade. At this writing there are fourteen people working in the dispensary and on the street caring for the sick. In our dispensary we are caring daily for five and six hundred patients.—THE SIGN, November, 1938.

* * *

A further use for old Ford cars was discovered by an ingenious Chinese engineer, who fashioned surgical instruments from discarded spare parts. The instruments are now in use by a Chinese army medical corps.—From "Marginal Notes," ASIA.

* * *

The founder of the Sui Dynasty, 589-605 A.D., took great pains to employ efficient officials, among whom history mentions one Sin kung y, governor of Minchow. Having discovered that the people of his territory had the bad habit of abandoning their sick from fear of contagion, yea, even of letting them die without care, Sin kung y made every effort to put a stop to this objectionable habit. He established an infirmary (which soon was overcrowded); he even took personal charge of the sick, gave directions for treatment and supplied them with medicine.—From "Pages from the Past," FU JEN, November, 1938.

* * *

We (Franciscan Missionaries of Mary) have treated thousands at the dispensary already, and only regret that the hospital we had planned to build is not yet in existence. . . . Among the convalescents here (I-Chang, Hupeh) there was one airman who had made up his mind to be baptized before he left the hospital. It was not without opposition that he took the step, for many of his comrades jeered at him. He faced their taunts courageously, and when they had witnessed his radiant expression as he knelt to receive his First Communion, their attitude changed, and since then he has had considerable influence among them, and has become a real apostle. He has already brought us a poor sick woman and a little slave girl to look after.—FAR AWAY MISSIONS, November, 1938.

* * *

Indo-China

The women do not hesitate to walk from nine to twelve miles to bring their babies; one morning a poor mother arrived after having traveled all night in a small boat. It is touching to see how concerned these mothers are for their children, helping us (Franciscan Missionaries of Mary) care for them as well as they can, and consoling the little ones.—FAR AWAY MISSIONS, November, 1938.

* * *

Africa

Sister Aloysia (Handmaid of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus) is keeping a motherly eye on our 109 women and girls who are preparing for Christian marriage. She tries to instil into them principles—based on *very* concrete examples—of Infant Welfare, and we thought it would encourage the mothers if we gave a prize to the fattest, cleanest, healthiest baby. . . . The women were in a circle in their compound, and after much consultation the winners were chosen. The prizes afforded endless delight. "Ey . . . e! Ey . . . e!," they exclaimed as yard after yard of cloth was unrolled; the basin (second prize) was hailed with clapping, and the bath towels (third prize) were waved in the air.—THE PYLON, October, 1938.

In Our Library

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THE TRUE VINE AND ITS BRANCHES, *by Edward Leen, C.S.Sp. P. J. Kenedy and Sons. New York,* 1938. 268 *pp.* $2.50.

The True Vine and Its Branches is the latest of Father Leen's works in his series on the supernatural life. It deals in a simple manner with the life of Christ in the souls of men—the very little understood doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ.

In the pages of this volume, Father Leen traces the life of the Christian in Christ—his need of the spiritual sustenance given him in the Blessed Sacrament; his need of a spiritual atmosphere in which to live, or the atmosphere of prayer. The author takes the reader into the question of suffering and the vital part it plays in our lives, even as it figured in Christ's mortal life.

Finally, Father Leen brings us in childlike simplicity to the feet of Our Mother—the Mother of Mankind—and shows us her part in the Mystical Body of which Christ is the True Vine and we Its branches.

The book will make a worthwhile Christmas gift for any priest or religious.

"Christ's birth in a rough cave on a hillside that served ordinarily as a shelter for animals is much more than a historical fact. The manner of His coming shows what view He wants us to take toward life. His actions no less than His words have a meaning."
—RUSSELL, *Christ, the Leader.*

ONCE—IN PALESTINE, *by Lucille Papin Borden. The Macmillan Co. New York,* 1938. 177 *pp.* $1.50.

Once—In Palestine is not a novel, although readers familiar with Mrs. Borden's works may pick up the book with that impression. It is something different in devotional books. The story begins with Mrs. Borden's picture of Our Lady's early childhood and follows her through life until that day when her Son rose triumphant from the dead. The second part of the book deals with the passion of Christ, from the agony in the garden to His burial.

The story is not entirely authentic, since the author has woven her own imaginative picture around the scriptural facts. The meditations will, however, give to many who are not familiar with the Gospels a new and more picturesque setting for the events in the lives of Our Divine Master and His Mother.

CHRISTIAN DENOMINATIONS, *by Vigilius H. Krull, C.PP.S.* 307 *N. Locust St., Ottawa, Ohio. Fourteenth edition,* 1938. 250 *pp.* 80 *cents.*

Christian Denominations is a compendium of information on the teachings of the Catholic Church and the better known Protestant denominations, together with a refutation of their errors.

Those who wish to know wherein the various Protestant sects differ from one another will find this volume a valuable reference book. It might well be used in study clubs, and Catholics in general will find it helpful in giving intelligent answers to the queries of non-Catholics.

CATHOLIC TRUTH IN SURVEY—CHRIST, OUR REDEEMER (*Vol. II*), *by Ferdinand C. Falque, S.T.B. Benziger Brothers. New York,* 1938. 384 *pp. Paper cover,* 54 *cents.*

Catholic Truth in Survey was written as a textbook particularly for the use of high school students in the classes of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. The second volume on *Christ, Our Redeemer* is divided into ten units, from the time preceding the birth of Christ through His life, death, resurrection to His rightful reign as King in the hearts of men. Each unit is subdivided into topics, with questions and study outline.

Since the book is intended as a textbook, particular pains have been taken to make it clear and concise, and it can be recommended highly to all who wish to know the Church's teaching on *Christ, Our Redeemer.*

MY LITTLE MISSIONARY, *by Rev. Emilien Letourneau, O.M.I. Translated from the French by Agatha Gray. Benziger Bros. New York,* 1938. 121 *pp.* $1.25.

The title aptly sums up this life of Jacques Bernard, the 9-year-old boy who, in 1927, died in French Canada, and characterizes it with the missionary spirit which was its dominant note. The lad's whole ambition was to become a missionary priest; and although his early death prevented the realization of his dream, yet the stories of his unusual holiness and of favors received through his intercession seem to indicate that death has not diminished the apostolic zeal of this latest follower of St. Therese, who said on the eve of his death: "I have suffered a great deal; I did not complain. I bore it for the missionaries."

Teachers will welcome this delicately written story of a boy of today as an aid to inculcating the missionary spirit into their pupils.

"STABAT MATER SPECIOSA"

This year we give to our readers once more the English translation of the beautiful Latin hymn honoring the Nativity. It is not so well known, perhaps, as the "Stabat Mater Dolorosa," which Catholics have come to associate with Lent and particularly with the Stations of the Cross, though both hymns were published at approximately the same time. Nor is there any record of it having been set to music, as was the penitential poem.

The two hymns, one with its exultant song of joy, the other with its restrained note of sorrow, have often been compared, and the beauty of each would seem to stand out more plainly in the light of the other. Some claim that they have a common auther. The "Dolorosa" is recognized generally now as the work of Giacomo da Todi, a Franciscan. Whether he also wrote the Christmas canticle is not known, but it was published in the Latin appendix to his Italian poems in 1495.

Little attention seemed to be given to it, however. Those were ages of penance and severity; the "Dolorosa" was made to appeal to such a generation. It was not until Ozanam called attention to this tribute to the Mother and her new-born Child in his book on the Franciscan poets, published in 1852, that interest was aroused in it.

There is a lyric fineness in the original Latin that is difficult to transpose into another language, yet beneath phrases and words which at first glance may seem forced or stiff, one can find the warmth of life and reality. It is not difficult to see the Mother, kneeling in simplicity and joy; the foster-father standing close by in faith and trust; the Child between them, helpless and dependent, and shining round about them the light of Truth which continues to radiate down the path of centuries to the present day.

R.I.P.

Please pray for the repose of the souls of:

Mother M. Aloysius Leavy, Hartford, Connecticut

Mother Emmanuel of the Angels, Boston, Massachusetts

Brother John, C.S.C., Dacca, Bengal, India

Rose Cunningham, Albany, New York

Henry Hulstrunk, Naugatuck, Connecticut

Arthur A. LaRue, Worcester, Massachusetts

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord:
And let perpetual light shine upon them.
May they rest in peace. Amen.

December Mission Intention

"For Catholic Schools in Japan"

Father John Laures, of the Catholic University of Tokyo, speaking of the work of conversion in Japan, says: "The history of Catholic education in the country did not begin until the last decades of the nineteenth century, but the fact that at the present time the Catholic Church is making good progress in Japan is due in no small measure to the growing emphasis laid on education."

The importance of educational work in the Japanese field becomes increasingly evident when we look at the political background of the modern regime. The indigenous religion of Japan is "Shintoism," which is a combination of nature worship and ancestor worship. With the opening of intercourse with the occident, the Japanese were confronted with principles radically opposed to the principles hitherto received in their country. There was a tendency to disunity, a tendency which the government sought to check by directing both the civil and the religious affiliations to the Emperor.

The reconciliation of governmental demands with Catholic teaching proved difficult. The Emperor was to be recognized as supreme in all matters; his picture was to be placed in every classroom, and the children were required to pay their daily respects to him who represented both God and State. After complete investigation on the part of Church authorities in both Rome and Japan, the Holy See finally ruled that the respect shown such pictures, as well as the necessary visits in the national shrines of the land, were political in nature and not religious.

With this sanction, the Church is forging ahead once more in the land of Nippon, and one of her chief weapons in her war against superstition and unbelief is education. To quote Father Laures once more: "The aim of education, according to the Catholic view, is not merely an imparting of secular knowledge, but is especially the training of character according to Christian standards. Students trained thus will be prepared to live up to the high standards of morality set before mankind by Him Who is the Way, the Truth and the Light. Catholic educational work in Japan is based upon the same principles as those underlying Catholic educational work throughout the whole world."

So it is with a realization of both the achievements and the possibilities in Japan that Catholics throughout the world will unite in their petitions for the intention which our Holy Father has chosen for the month of December.

POOR OLD SANTA IS STUMPED!

He knows nothing makes a Medical Missionary happier than a chance to help others. He has a bagful of work he's waiting to give us——

BUT—HE CAN'T GET IT ALL UNDER *THAT* TREE!

YOU CAN HELP HIM OUT!

Did you ever notice how a tree develops? It's simple. Each limb grows twigs, and it keeps on growing twigs until the scrawny sapling has changed into a thing of beauty giving shade and shelter.

EVERY SUBSCRIPTION TO THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY HELPS TO *SPREAD* THE MEDICAL MISSION APOSTOLATE!

If each of our subscribers would "GROW ONE TWIG"—send one new subscriber—WHAT A GREAT TREE WE COULD HAVE!

Give a year's subscription for a Christmas gift. Cut out the little card below for your friend, and send us the inclosed blank with the name and address. HELP OUR TREE TO GROW!

To bring you best wishes for a Blessed Christmas and a year's subscription to

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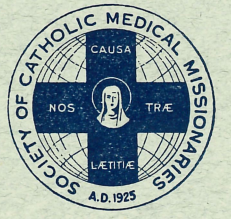

Wish You

A Glad New Year